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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THE ANTEROOM OF THE BANKS.

The Treasury Department has recently been extending extraordinary favors to the City National Bank of New York. Now it is reported that Secretary Gage is to become the head of a colossal banking trust, of which the National City Bank is to be the nucleus.

If Mr. Gage cherishes any such intention we trust he will abandon it. There has been altogether too much interchange of benefits between Treasury officials and banks. The relations between the banks and the Government were a cause of scandal as far back as the time of Hamilton. In the days of the second United States Bank the scandal became acute. When Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury the favors shown to a pet bank in this city gave it the nickname of "Fort Sherman."

Of late years the tendency has been growing to regard the Treasury Department as an anteroom to the inner sanctuaries of the banking business.

Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, Secretary of the Treasury in Cleveland's first Administration, became president of the New York Security and Trust Company upon his retirement.

Mr. Hugh S. Thompson, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under the same Administration, was promoted to the position of comptroller of the New York Life Insurance Company.

Mr. William L. Trenholm, Comptroller of the Currency under Cleveland and Fairchild, stepped from that place into that of president of the American Surety Company.

Mr. A. B. Hepburn, Comptroller of the Currency under President Harrison, became president of the Third National Bank of this city.

Mr. James H. Eckels, Comptroller of the Currency under Cleveland's second Administration, and totally destitute of financial experience when Mr. Cleveland discovered him, moved from the Treasury Department into the presidency of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

We do not say that service in the Treasury is a disqualification for the banking business, or that any man who goes from one occupation to the other is corrupt. If a man who has made a reputation for financial ability in the Treasury finds an opening in a bank after his term is over there is no harm in his accepting it. But he needs to be very sure that the banking offer is really a simple recognition of ability, and not a return for favors received. It is a rather disquieting coincidence that in each of the three Administrations preceding the present one the Comptroller of the Currency became the president of a financial corporation as soon as he left office.

It will do no harm for public officials to remember that a bribe payable at a future date in the form of a salary is no less a bribe than one paid in spot cash. Some time our laws will be changed to meet the more refined forms of bribery that our perfected financial methods develop. Meanwhile Treasury officials solicitous for their reputations will carefully refrain from making arrangements to take service with banks or other corporations until after their retirement to private life.

Life Saving
or
Restaurant
Profits?

Mayor Van Wyck has chalked up another item on the score the people of New York have against him by trying to thwart the philanthropic efforts of Mr. Nathan Straus to save life by furnishing pure sterilized milk to the poor at cost. When the proposition to put up a permanent booth for this milk distribution was under consideration the Mayor violently opposed it, and said:

I stood in my office window many times last Summer and watched the class of people that patronized the milk booth. Nineteen out of every twenty were men who were able to pay five cents instead of one for a glass of milk. They could have well afforded to have given the benefit of their purchases to restaurant keepers in Park row who pay rent.

Where did Mayor Van Wyck find out how much the men in City Hall Park could afford to pay for milk? When the Government was trying to collect an income tax it had considerable difficulty in discovering how much citizens were worth. Can the Mayor tell more by looking out of his office window?

Mr. Straus has saved thousands of lives among the poor by enabling them to buy at a cent a glass of milk of a purity that they could not have been sure of obtaining at any price without him. While this beneficent work was primarily designed for the babies, no harm will be done if it also helps women and even men. It will be poor policy for any official to stand in its way.

The
Crowning
Blunder.

England will make the mistake of her life if she lets her little troubles in South Africa lure her into declaring food contraband of war. It would be better for her to surrender all South Africa than even to tolerate such a pretension as that. If England were at war with a Continental coalition, and nothing but American food supplies stood between her and starvation, our natural impulse would be to stand for the freedom of the seas. But she may rest assured that if she induces us to consent to the capture of food cargoes meant for the Boers we shall not patch up the broken rule of freedom again for her benefit. We shall not make one law for a great country and another for a little one. Contraband food now means contraband food when England, besieged, is fighting for her life.

Our
Increasing
Immigration

According to the calculations of the Immigration Bureau, there will be more immigrants received at this port during the present fiscal year than for many years past.

During the month of November the number admitted was 30,593. This is almost double the usual number received during this month in recent years. December promises to be quite as heavy.

The Immigration Bureau is alarmed by the fact that a large percentage of these immigrants come from the poorest and most illiterate sections of Eastern Europe. They include Croats, Dalmatians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians and Montenegrins.

Many of these we could doubtless do well enough without, the men in many instances depending upon the women for field work as well as for household duties and general drudgery.

The Immigration Commissioners should not let this disturb them. In this country all such evils correct themselves from the very necessities of altered conditions.

Of course it is necessary that all immigrants should come up to the requirements of law, but no Croat, Dalmatian or Hun can get along successfully as a Western farmer if he depends upon his wife to do the ploughing and reaping. When Mrs. Croat attempts to compete with educated machinery—with reapers that pick up and tie the sheaves—with planters that drop and cover the grain—with double ploughs upon which men ride—she will find it high time to invite the physical and moral support of her husband.

While the disgusted husband is working his children will be obliged to go to school and to grow up into good citizens.

It is estimated that the immigration to this port for the present fiscal year will reach 350,000, an increase of almost 20 per cent over last year. And if there is among them all another Nikola Tesla—who is a Montenegrin—we can well afford to welcome the whole 350,000 for his sake.

An Exchange Medium.

Editor of the New York Journal:

The greatest need among the people is a medium of exchange by which all the people may work and receive a fair income.

We have hospitals, libraries, baths, schools, parks and beaches that are free to the people; but one must be sick to go to the hospital, and a criminal to get a steady job with food, clothing and shelter. We need a medium of exchange to be paid directly to all workers, as is now done to the gold miners.

December 24.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.

Evils of Present Making.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Do you not think that the system of present making at Christmas as it is now practiced is a nuisance? I was told by one young woman that she was making me "something to wear." I was informed by another that she was sure that Santa Claus did not like my "brand of cigars." I was asked by another if I ever suffered from "cold feet."

Then number three told me that number one had made me a "lovely smoking jacket." Number two told me that number three was embrodering a "lovely pair of slippers" for me. At the same time I was told by number one that number two had a "lovely smoker's outfit" for me.

Now, I am a poor young man, and it is clear that in order to acknowledge these "lovely" presents I shall have to go bankrupt. It seems to me a shame, especially when I have a weakness for a number five.

Harlem, Dec. 23.
Above and beyond the fact of your amazing popularity stands the indisputable evidence that you are in a difficult and delicate position.

We can only advise you to retreat in good order across the financial Modder River, intrench yourself behind barbed-wire philosophy, and with the Krupp guns of compliment and flattery hurl three \$2 bouquets at the enemy and call the incident closed.

It is a fact that Christmas presents have taken on a financial aspect that is alarming to a poor but conscientious man. There are many who are annually despoiled upon by a horde of relatives and acquaintances with valuable presents for which the recipient has no use, but which must be acknowledged by return presents fully as valuable in order to prevent heartburnings.

If beyond the laudable charities to the poor the people of this country should resolve as a free and independent nation to confine their Christmas offerings to cards and flowers, except for children, the feeling of relief and thankfulness would be general.

Safety Lamps in Mines.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Is there not a great necessity for some more modern and effective invention than the old-time safety lamp in coal mines, in view of the awful accidents that are continually occurring in the mines all over the country from explosions of fire damp?

Is it not criminal for the coal companies to allow men to go down the shafts with these old-time apparatuses?

MARTIN SCHALK.
Bergen Point, Dec. 23.

We believe that almost all coal mines are equipped with lamps that will prevent explosions if properly handled.

The invention of Davy is adequate for all purposes of safety, but no human being can invent a machine that will induce caution in the human brain where only carelessness exists.

In some of our coal mines the flicker of the "damp" along the roofs of the dark subterranean chambers is constant and spectacular, and would scare anybody but a miner out of his wits.

The miners become so used to it—so habituated to the noiseless flashes about the coal veins—that they lose all fear of it.

With the best safety lamps to be had, they sometimes open them to adjust the flame or to fix the wick, and an explosion follows.

Every miner holds in his hands the lives of himself and his fellow miners, and should be taught the value of caution at all times.

A True Story.

Short—If Long calls with that little bill tell him I'm out.
Mrs. Short—But that would be telling a falsehood.
Short—Nothing of the kind. I'm out of cash.
Chicago News.

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"
UNWORTHY OF NAT GOODWIN.

Alan Dale Declares That the Western Play Is Wretched Stuff as a Whole, but Has Some Good Things in It—Beautiful Maxine Elliott Has Gained in Talent.

By Alan Dale.

NAT GOODWIN has the courage of his convictions, at any rate. He is producing at the Knickerbocker Theatre Clyde Fitch's comedy of Colorado, "The Cowboy and the Lady," in spite of the fact that London, which revels in Buffalo Bill and Bret Harte, refused to accept it. London was a fine field for this play, if it could pasture anywhere. And now Mr. Goodwin is enacting it in New York, where Bret Harte and Buffalo Bill are far less potent.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Fitch's comedy is quite unworthy of such an actor as Mr. Goodwin—the actor who gave us "Nathan Hale" and "An American Citizen." It might suit one of those declamatory actors who drift into New York at the end of a season for the purpose of securing that luxury known as a "metropolitan endorsement." Perhaps its mock heroism tempted our Nathaniel. Think of the charming opportunities it gave him to be the real calcium light hero! At the end of the first act he rescues "the Lady" from a horrible death, and then absolutely refuses to pose as the rescuer. He is quite willing that the audience shall see him in this glorious predicament, but he is more modest as regards the lady. Doesn't it sometimes strike a star actor that an audience would like to be treated with as much consideration as a star actress? The audience has seen this cheap and maudlin rescue, but the lady has not. "Promise me, boys," he says to his associates, "that you will not tell her. She would gape the life out of me." Isn't that precisely what we might do?

She tells him that she saw an arm coming over the ledge to save her, and she thought it was "the arm of God." In my opinion that is why Mr. Goodwin likes "The Cowboy and the Lady." It isn't often that a man gets the chance to hear his limb called "the arm of God."

In the second act more heroism for Mr. Goodwin. Avengeful Indian kills Mrs. Weston's liberate husband—in the dark. Teddy and Mrs. Weston escape together by the body. The pistol is apparently Mrs. Weston's. The Sheriff appears, hears "the lady" trembling story, and is about to arrest her when the triple-plated heroism of Teddy confronts him. "I'm the man," he says. "I hated

Weston. Arrest me." Now, I submit that Nat Goodwin is too clever an actor, too valuable a factor of our theatre life to waste himself upon such dripping wretched claptrap. He does it well, enjoys it immensely, revels in the balmy sensation of mimic righteousness—in fact, nobody could do it better—but what a pity it is! Sycophants—those of a first night audience—tell Mr. Goodwin that this is an excellent role for him, but Nat is too wise not to discredit such spurious amiability. He may accuse me of a fixed determination to dislike poor Teddy North (although he didn't accuse me of too fervently praising Nathan Hale), but the truth pays in the long run. Mr. Goodwin deserves better things than "The Cowboy and the Lady," and I venture to opine that last night's audience thought with me.

The third act of this play is the best. It is the court room scene, in which Teddy defends himself, and learns, in the very court room, that Mrs. Weston loves him. Very pretty and attractive is the scene, but it comes too late, after a surfeit of profanity—a veritable inundation of big, big D's and voluminous h's, and a colossal dose of drink talk. Mr. Fitch's play, if it had remained cowboy and lady throughout, would have been more entertaining. But it is a sort of tailor-made affair, and ten minutes before the close of each act you get a banal climax that steeps Mr. Goodwin in calcium light and mock heroism. In the second act there is a cake walk that goes well. Nat Goodwin and his lovely wife cake walk in an entirely fascinating manner. You are sorry when it is over, for then comes the murder and the beautiful nickel-plated sacrifice. Perhaps if we were actors we might emulate Mr. Goodwin. Sometimes I think that I should do it. It must be so comforting to escape from the world in which you are looked upon as a tumor, and pose for ten bright minutes as the acme of everything that is gorgeously good and true. A rich actor can treat himself to some very nice lines. It is only the poor devils who have to take pot luck with villains and "eccentric" characters, far from "the sun pathy of the audience." Miss Maxine Elliott's work was admirable throughout. There was a time when this lady was merely a beauty—a sort of glorie de Dijon beauty. Now she is an actress, with distinction, fascination and keen dramatic

ability. Her voice is like a song, and her manners are delightful. As Mrs. Weston she was the bright spot of a bad play. You forgive her for electing to appear in a dance hall at Silverville in a gown that would cost many of the Metropolitan Opera House toilettes into the shade. There she was, desolate, bediamonded and glistening, amid the cowboys and the cowgirls. But she made a handsome picture, and you forgive the grotesque irrelevance of the thing.

Little Miss Minnie Dupree played Midge, a waif, very neatly indeed. She was not so simple and unaffected as Miss Gertrude Elliott, who played the part in London, but she was eminently acceptable. Midge is the one human bit in "The Cowboy and the Lady," and although she indulges in one monodic speech about becoming a woman, on the night she found her popper drunk (a speech that sounds like the songs the serio-comics sing on the roof gardens), Midge is a pretty little girl, and the audience can scarcely avoid liking her.

James Lee Finney was the villain in the case, with a flaming red waistcoat that no righteous stage creature could ever sport, and a great o of that nonchalance which is associated with evildoing behind the footlights. Burr McIntosh was bluff old huge Joe, with effect, and Clarence Handyside a Colorado judge. John Flood was an eloquent district attorney, and Miss Estelle Mortimer, as one of those funny old maids, in the creation of which Clyde Fitch excels, repeated the success that she made in London. Thomas Oberle was Quick-Rooted Jim, the Indian who gave Teddy the chance to appear as the supreme hero of "em all, and small parts were played by several acceptable people.

"The Cowboy and the Lady" is a queer piece of work—novel while it is Colorado, banal and irritating while it is the Bowery. As the melodrama comes at the end of each act, the taste of the Bowery is left in your mouth. However, Mr. Goodwin has the courage of his convictions, and that is a good thing to own. His popularity is great. I shall not forget "Nathan Hale" in a hurry, and "An American Citizen" had some pretty good material in it. It is good to remember these plays when you go to see "The Cowboy and the Lady."

MRS. ASTOR'S BALL EXCITES SOCIETY.

SCHEMERS WORK FOR INVITATIONS.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

IT is hardly necessary even to indicate that the arts of all diplomacy are now turned upon Mrs. Astor. The announcement that—deus volente—her annual grand ball will engage the night of January 29 has set all the schemers at work, and I fancy that before the auspicious occasion there will be a general tactical assault upon her hospitality.

The fiction of the "400" having died a natural death, society desires information only as to the number her visiting list embraces. There one finds the true measure of contemporary aristocracy, and to be a stranger to the grand ceremonial will stamp the stranger as a mere tassel in the fringe of things that he.

Although the entertainment is set down as a simple dance, it is, in fact, an elaborate ball. Need I remark upon this elaboration when I note that the inimitable Harry Lehr and the terpsichorean Eliza Dyer, Jr., will lead?

The world may give birth in every cycle to geniuses of mediocre stamp like Ruskin, Guy de Maupassant, Carleile, Herschel and others too numerous to mention, but it is once only in a cycle of centuries that we have an inimitable like Harry Lehr or an equal of Dyer. Perhaps—yes, I say perhaps—when all the authors of tomes puerous and important are forgotten and forgotten, these names will still ring down the ages with all the éclat and consideration they now command. My memory, now confused in contemplation, sounds no recollection of their peers, unless it be Bacchante, maybe, or the tawful Amarrilla. Thus, the creation of Mrs. Astor shall rise to glory, and I only regret that the times cannot produce a Homer or a Dryden to sing and immortalize an epoch important in the annals of this glowing Troy.

After specifying so much of importance, I regret that my knowledge does not include also the date of the grand ball to be given by Mrs. John R. Drexel some time in the coming month. All that I am able to mention is that it will be a grand ball, and in saying this, I desire nothing so much as to lay stress upon the qualifying adjective. What, need I ask, could Mrs. Drexel give that should not be grand? I am somewhat perplexed, however, to discover that it will be merely a grand ball, and not in character. Were I suggesting the plan I would have it a masked ball, a domino party, a bal poudre, a grab party, or something more originally ornate than a mere vestal function. Or, again, I might suggest a war dance or a ghost dance or a pow-wow to the Thunder Horse, introducing therein the feudal ceremonials of the Sisseton Sioux. Fancy what a stir such an offering to society would create! Why, it would leave Mrs. Bradley Martin in the back streets and effect all memory of the Vanderbilt introduction of the last generation. Moreover, it would reduce the Gould theatricals to the pale of the Peoria circuit, and elevate for a decade at least the name of Drexel to a place among the seats of the mighty. But a ball—only a grand ball! We had expected more than that, and, like me, there are others who are disheartened.

There are still some echoes of Christmas Day ringing about the town, but of all these I fancy the Oleichs affair the most important. For the day, the house was given over to the Jennesse dore, and for hours it rang with the merriment of informal youth, hastened upward to the height of joy by the effort of Charley Oleichs, the benign, the treasurer. In honor of the day the house was decorated with the conventional greens and holly, with an occasional sprig of mistletoe to stimulate the gallantries of youth. It was a grand affair throughout, and the presents were beautiful and in good taste.

The bal poudre given by Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes was a great stimulation to the Lenox set. All of them were there, supreme and important.

The first of the season's series of Presidential dinners will be given January 13 by the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hay. The second will be on the evening of January 20, when the Secretary and Mrs. Gage will be entertained. Mrs. U. S. Grant gave a young people's dinner to-night in honor of her granddaughters, Miss Sartoris and Miss Marian Grant, a daughter of Mr. Ulysses Grant, of San Diego, Cal. The dinner was made the occasion of formally announcing the engagement of Lieutenant Algernon Sartoris to Miss Edith Davidge, daughter of a well-known Washingtonian. The guests were Miss Edith Davidge, Miss Allach, Miss Ethel Horstmann, Miss

and offset only by a contingent from the Junior cotillions. It was really a very pretty affair, and some of the gowns were gorgeous, notwithstanding the limitations of white.

The marriage of Miss Celia Sherman Miles to Captain Sam Reber, of the United States Army, is sharing the attention given to the magnificent wedding in Washington. Miss Anne Hoyt, as I have before mentioned, will be maid of honor. She is a New Yorker, fairly well known in society, and is bright, entertaining girl. But what Washington really wishes to discover is whether the President will grace the ceremonial, because even in domestic affairs of this kind the politics of the Capitol reach out a discriminating partiality, and at the best all unties must be preserved. I can see no reason, however, why the President should not ascend from the ordinary, and now that Alger is out, lend his presence to the brilliancy of the affair.

Letters from abroad indicate that this is a meagre season at all resorts of the English. By far the greater number of eligibles are off to the wars, and the British mamma with unmarriageable daughters is having a rather raw time of it. In addition to this, all sentiment is against entertaining, and so I fancy that this year will go down into the annals of British aristocracy as one of the most stupid in the calendar. But whatever the gloom in Albion, it is otherwise across the channel. The French are taking a sprightly, wicked delight in the reverses of the British, and are giving one entertainment at the heels of another, apparently with the one purpose of showing their keen satisfaction. On the Riviera this is only too true, and to any American who says "What's the odds?" I need only remark that all Anglo-Saxons are included in the Gallic spleen.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

SECRETARY ROOT AS

HENRY IRVING'S HOST.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Sir Henry Irving is the guest of honor to-night at an elegant supper given by Secretary and Mrs. Root at their residence on Rhode Island avenue. The twenty-four guests sat about a round table decorated with scarlet poinsettia, upon which the lights shone down from wax tapers under flame color silk shades. The profusion of holly berries and Christmas decorations added to the generally brilliant effect.

Sir Henry Irving is an old friend of Secretary and Mrs. Root.

The guests who sat at the table to-night with Sir Henry Irving and enjoyed the Christmas cheer were the Spanish Ambassador and his wife, D'Arcos, the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hay, the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Gage, the General of the Army and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Senator Corbin, Hon. and Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, Captain and Mrs. Cowley, Mr. Stoker and Miss Root.

The next large evening entertainment to be given by the Secretary of War and Mrs. Root will be a dinner on the evening of January 27, in honor of the President.

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MRS. HAY SURPRISES SOCIETY

WITH AN EARLY DATE FOR HER RECEPTION.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—There is friction among the wives of the Cabinet officers.

The Cabinet ladies will hold their first formal reception of the season to-morrow afternoon. This is a decided innovation. The initial formal Cabinet receptions never having been held until the Wednesday following the New Year reception at the White House.

The departure this season has occasioned much surprise.

Mrs. Hay, as wife of the Secretary of State, is the authority upon all such matters in the Presidential family. Her word is law, and it was Mrs. Hay who selected Wednesday without consulting

American Sympathy.

Editor of the New York Journal:

"Democracy" asks "Where is that American sympathy which demands such an outburst of calculated gratitude from England? It can't be discerned here with a microscope."

with any one, although it has been customary for all matters relating to the social position of the Cabinet ladies to be discussed at a meeting called especially for this purpose. That this season the rule of consultation should be set aside has naturally caused much comment and speculation. In fact, the Cabinet ladies decidedly objected to receiving the first news that they were to be formally at home to-morrow from 3 to 6 through the newspapers.

As it happens, the receptions will be limited in number. Mrs. Gage, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mrs. Root, wife of the Secretary of War, will be at home to callers between the hours

If "Democracy" will throw aside the microscope and look further away from himself he will have no difficulty in finding it.

The Journal's famous editorial was sufficient for any who prefer sense to sentiment.

Supposing that it had been Americans and not British who had gone to the Transvaal and had

been bled by pious Kruger while developing the resources of that republic.

"Democracy" would then have had as little affection for the poor Boer as the poor Boer now has for him. It is quite probable that Great Britain can rub along without the sympathy of self true Americans as "Democracy."

Dec. 24.

WITHOUT

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